

Colours Run

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Summary: Her grey eyes clouded over with tears as the red poured out from Lyra. Her hands immediately went to draw her wand, yet her mouth had no more words left to speak. Alecto's world had become grey.

Colours Run

Clouds rolled in above the awakening sea, casting their dark shadow upon the hills and valleys below. As the grey touched the tip of the Carrow mansion gates, dark green sparks flew up to touch the mundane clouds. Directly below, a little girl, no older than four years old, stood with her palms outstretched pointing to the heavens above.

Her own grey eyes gleamed with joy as her mouth curved into a smug smile. The beautiful silence of the afternoon was shattered by the cries of amazement coming from the children over at the other side of the garden. Three heads poked over the small burgundy bushes, one girl and two boys, all dressed immaculately in matching shades of white and blue.

"What in the world was that? Where did it come from?" squeaked a startled little girl named Lyra.

"Oh those were just some lights. I've made better." said Alecto, casually pretending to examine her fingernails.

"I've seen father shoot lights like that into the sky. Mother says that all real witches and wizards can make giant green lights in the sky." said Lyra's twin brother, Lynx.

"Those are called dark marks Lynx!" muttered an exasperated Amycus.

"Great Merlin! You can't be a real witch already Alecto, you haven't even been to Hogwarts yet!" exclaimed Lyra.

"What can I say? I'm talented." Alecto smirked at her annoyed brother as the twins looked at her in awe.

Amycus broke out into a fit of fake giggles, pretending to fall onto the grass, shaking with laughter. He stopped mid laugh and stood up, looking at Lyra and Lynx, "Why don't we go back to playing marbles?"

Alecto's smirk grew wider as the twins ignored him completely, favouring her instead.

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><p>An eerie silence filled the Slytherin girls' dormitory, broken by the sounds of retching and sobs coming from the bathroom. Two tall blonde girls looked at each other with their chests puffed out in the comfortable darkness.<p>

The door flung open and in stomped Alecto, as gracefully as a giraffe on a pair of Rollerblades. With her cloak swishing behind her and the yellow light of the hallway streaming in, it gave her the silhouette of a superhero.

"Who does that stupid fat cow think she is? She won't last long when I'm done in this blasted place full of rotters!" she muttered. You could almost see the smoke fuming from her ears.

"You rotters! What are you giggling about? And who the hell is sobbing like a dying whale in that bathroom?!" Alecto almost screamed, her face red and hot.

"Well, why don't you go ask princess Lyra why she's decided to throw up all the food in the great hall at once? We've only just finished picking out our outfits for Hogsmeade tomorrow. " said one girl, Alison with a sweet smile that made you want to bury your head in a pot of acid.

"What!" screeched Alecto, flinging herself into the bathroom like a real pureblooded lady.

Hunched over a toilet bowl, Lyra sat with her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands. A thin trail of sick left her mouth to explore the rest of her sweaty body. Her red, swollen eyes darted around the dank room, finally settling on her best friend standing in the doorway.

>"Did Lynx try and turn you into a mountain troll again? It looks like he's getting better at it." joked Alecto.<p>

"Ugh, I wouldn't go near him with a barge pole right now. Father would never forgive me for bringing up on his precious only son." Lyra cringed at the thought of leaving the comforts of the dark, moist room.

"What's wrong with you? Eat one too many Banoffee pies? Kiss too many frogs?" Alecto bent down, plopping herself down across from Lyra. She brushed the hair away from Lyra's face and grimaced as she watched clear snot mix drip down into the puke.

"Nothing much, I just got into a fight with that bloody bimbo! She

thinks she can just waltz around with her short skirts and high pitched voice and steal my thunder! " shouted Lyra.

"Sorry I didn't quite catch what you were mumbling. Could you shout it a bit louder so that the people sitting right next to you can hear it too?" Alecto's voice dripping with sarcasm.

"I'm sorry Al. I'm just tired of all this. I know Slytherins are supposed to stick together. I just can't help it. That girl needs to be taught a lesson." whispered Lyra as she tilted her head back to rest on the toilet behind her.

"Well it looks like she taught you quite the lesson. You look horrible." Began Alecto

"I feel horrible," interrupted Lyra while she picked the dry vomit from her face.

"Why is she still pouncing around spreading her germs then? Have you learnt nothing in the twelve years of being friends with me?" A devilish smile spread from Alecto's face to Lyra's.

Alecto stood up and offered her friend her arm, "My lady!" She whispered

Lyra hesitantly stood up, "I don't think I should be leaving this bathroom for a good few more hours.

>I think she cursed me with the plague. "<p>

"That's the point! I'm starting to wonder who's the real bimbo here, you or her," whispered Alecto starting to get frustrated.

"Oh, youâ€|want me to puke on that expensive carpet with holes in it, the one she calls 'fresh off the runway'. That may not be a brilliant idea, but I love it." smiled Lyra.

Alecto would never forget the exact shade of beige Lyra's vomit had been that night. It blended it perfectly with Alison's sandy dress. It was also the same shade of beige as the floor, she stared at for a week in detention after that night.

* * *

><p>With the first snowflakes of winter lightly tickling the mountains behind them, Lyra stood with her back to Alecto, both their hearts racing.<p>

"Is this really the place you chose to elope to? I know Jack's a poor muggleborn but he's asked you to meet him in the middle of nowhere. " joked Alecto.

Lyra looked at her with wide eyes. "Did we read that map correctly? What if we're on the wrong side of this bloody mountain and Jack's on the other side thinking that I've not bothered to show up?"

Alecto rolled her eyes, "I suppose that idiot with the hearts in his eyes who's standing behind you is the dark lord then?"

"Don't say his name Al!" hushed Lyra. She turned around and opened her arms wide as the blond haired young man engulfed her in a bear

hug.

"Alright lovebirds! Let's get this show on the road! I don't like this place." shouted Alecto

Jack let go of Lyra and turned towards Alecto, "Don't worry, there aren't many people out here. There's been Muggle wars in this region for decades and wizards don't bother coming here. It's a perfect place to get married. Nobody will question it. Nobody will ever find out who we are." Began Jack

"Not to mention, the mountains are beautiful." Finished Lyra.

"There's a shack just on the other side of these trees where a Muggle priest lives, I've asked him to marry us." Jack smiled at his bride-to-be.

"Let's hurry then! I want to be married before dusk!" Lyra squealed with excitement.

Lyra and Jack began their short trek through the trees before turning around halfway to wave to Alecto.

"I'll miss yo-"Alecto's words were cut short by the sound of gunfire. She stood frozen as the scene unfolded in front of her eyes. She watched in horror as Muggles in green and brown clothing shot at the young couple. Her grey eyes clouded over with tears as the red poured out from Lyra. Her hands immediately went to draw her wand, yet her mouth had no more words left to speak. Alecto's world had become grey. She had just lost the rainbow that was her best friend.

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><p>Quidditch League Round One<p>

Team : Puddlemere United

Position : Captain

Word count : 1338 (I used Pages for mac, probably the same as Microsoft Word)

Prompt : Write about your chosen Death Eater being with their friends

Death eater : Alecto Carrow

End
file.